



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

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### SELECT TALES.

From the Portland Magazine.

#### The Bridal, Throne and Scaffold.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

We are not the first  
Who, with best meaning, have incurred the worst.  
\* \* \* \* \* For thee I am cast down;  
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.

In a circular chamber, high in one of the turrets of Sionhouse, the youthful bride of Lord Dudley was seated. Foreign and domestic luxuries had been brought into requisition by her ambitious father-in-law, to embellish and beautify that bower, and make it worthy of its lovely inmate. Well had the proud Northumberland succeeded in his attempt; for in England there was not a more magnificent apartment than that. Bright trees and mouldering ruins were correctly pictured on the rich brown tapestry hanging in full drapery along the walls, and the heavy wood-work about the deep casements was wrought by expert workman into a just semblance of oak-leaves and acorns. The rough beams found in almost every apartment of the realm, were here converted into massy vines of leaves and fruit, polished into rich harmony with the magnificent furniture of the room. Heavy chairs, cushioned with purple velvet, were ranged about the edges of the floor, left bare by a carpet of mingled colors, so soft in its texture that it yielded like spring moss to the light footsteps of its beautiful owner. There was a virginal and an ancient lyre in the apartment, and golden or gem-clasped books loaded several tables with the accumulated knowledge of different nations. Retiring from the mellowing influence of the stained windows, that cast a gleam even on her pure beauty, the girl-bride had thrown open a casement and placed herself beside it, and was intensely occupied by the contents of a richly-bound book opened before her. Incommoded by the warmth of her ermine-lined robe, she had thrown it back from her neck, and the fresh morning light poured full over her polished shoulders and classical head, rendering her pearly complexion almost daz-

zingly pure. Her black hair was parted smoothly from her forehead, somewhat in the fashion of the present day, and ornamented only by a double string of orient pearls. A diamond or a ruby would have been out of place on a being whose beauty lay in the most transcendent purity of look, speech and motion. One tiny foot, from which the slipper had fallen, pressed, with its rose-colored stocking, an embroidered foot-stool. Her forehead rested on one little hand, and the other with its marriage-ring hung over the arm of her chair. So deeply was she immersed in study, that unobserved, a door on her right opened, and a gaily dressed youth stood gazing with looks of gratified admiration upon her.

For several moments the boy stood unheeded by the door, then gliding softly over the yielding carpet, he stole to the seat of his bride, and with a mischievous smile touched her neck with his jeweled finger: then he burst into a gay laugh as his beautiful wife started up, drew the robe hastily over her shoulders and stood before him, blushing and half weeping with mortification. Compassionating her painful confusion he checked his mirth, and strove to conceal the struggling smile on his lips by bending gallantly to replace the stray slipper on her foot, saying as he bowed his knee:

"So my lady-bird has flown to her cage again to feed on crumbs scattered by churchmen or leeches, and left her poor mate to his solitary pastime. I shall go with a complaint to your fellow-student, the king," he continued, grasping the little foot and turning his glowing face to the soft hazel eyes bent affectionately upon him.

"And he," answered his smiling bride, "would perchance counsel the restless eagle to cage himself awhile with the mate he so rates, and partake of her book-lore, in lieu of shooting arrows at a useless target—think ye he would not?" and with a half blush she playfully touched his upturned forehead with the tip of her taper finger. The happy boy grasped her hand and pressed it eagerly to his lip—then springing up he dashed together the volume she had been reading, and throwing his

arm about her waist, drew her to the open window, exclaiming—

"Look forth fair book-woman, and say, if you can, that this beautiful cage, gilded by my gracious father, doubtless for some of his own wise purposes, is more inviting than this glorious expanse of country, with the broad sky bending over it, so blue and bright, where forests, valleys and hills are just rousing themselves from their night's rest, and the light air is vocal with bird-songs. See how the rising sun is lighting up the mist-capped mountains, turning them to giants crested with brilliants and clothed in purple and gold; and the river in the valley, how it sparkles along, flinging off light like a living thing! There, at our feet is the hunting forest—see how the steady wind is lifting up the green leaves in a mass, like an immense robe!—I have seen fine sport among those oaks; but now the deer stand still and stare at me with their great eyes, as if they knew I had linked myself to a pretty dame who forswears both horse and hound. Look yonder, by my faith, that gallant buck has bounded from the covert of the trees three times while I have been speaking—such boldness stirs my spirit. We will run him down, sweet wife, and your own white hands shall let the blood from his throat—what, say you nay?—then per force you shall go with me to the river's brink, where the hazel bushes are tangled together, and flowers cluster under them so sweetly. See, I have brought some to woo you forth, they will look so beautiful on that neck of thine;" and with a roguish smile he took a bunch of small crimson flowers from his bosom and gave them to her. She examined them a moment, and then gravely smiling dropped them from the casement.

The smile passed from Dudley's face, and in a tone of deep mortification, he said, "if neither wish nor token will win me your companionship, I must even seek my sport alone;" with an awkward attempt at dignified displeasure he turned toward the door.

Lady Jane placed her hand gently on his arm, and taking one of the flowers that had

fallen on the casement, said—'Nay, my lord, you must acknowledge that there is some good in the sciences, for the pursuit of which you condemn me, when I assure you that to one of them I owe the knowledge, that this little flower contains poison enough to deprive us both of life.'

'And is it indeed true?' said Dudley, attentively examining it; 'one would almost as soon think of finding poison in you, as in the cup of a thing so beautiful.'

'From me. Nay, nay, not from me,' replied the lady in a quick voice, and turning suddenly pale.

Dudley looked at her in smiling astonishment. 'One would think my jests a dagger,' he at length said, 'to cause red lips to pale so suddenly.'

'I know I am very foolish, very weak, Dudley; but your words were so like a presentiment, a prophecy—nay, do not laugh—that old man was a terrible creature, with an eye like a spirit of evil.'

'Of whom do you speak?' said Dudley, now perfectly serious.

'Of an old soothsayer, who visited the place while I lived with our young king. The Lady Mary was present. I never forget the expression of the old man's face, when she gave him her hand. He dropped it as if it had been a coiled serpent, muttering, "Blood, blood." The princess frowned, and the mild king shrunk from the dark expression of the man's smile, and his hand trembled as he placed it in that of the prophet. Tears softened those terrible eyes as he pored over his slender palm; then he relinquished it, muttering—"As the spring-bud thou shalt perish."—He next took my hand, and looked on that and in my face pityingly for a moment; then he bent his dark eyes on the Lady Mary with an expression of startling anger. "And is it even so," he said, "the lamb to be worried by the she-wolf?" The princess arose and left the apartment in haughty anger. I grew bold and questioned the meaning of the soothsayer's words. "Inquire not," he said, "like a bright flower shalt thou blossom; but vengeance shall come like a whirlwind upon thee; pure and beautiful thyself, yet shalt thou, like a poisonous flower, bring death to all that cling to thee—ay, even to him who shall gather thee to his bosom; death, death, violent and terrible death is in thy path." And with a steady step the prophet left the palace, leaving a shadow on my heart that clings to it like a pestilence. A strange and appalling feeling of mystery is upon me, like the brooding of a dark spirit. I join in merriment, but a sad remembrance checks me; music has no spell to win away the presentiment; the voice of that old man is in my ear above all sounds of melody, crying, "Death, death, an early and terrible death." I have

tried to reason myself into unbelief; have wrapped my heart in human lore as in a garment; but all will not do. A presentiment still clings to me; I cannot help it. A word, such as you now spoke, makes a coward of me.'

The poor bride ceased speaking, folded her arms on the table, and buried her face upon them as if ashamed, yet relieved by the confession she had made to her young husband.

The words of a prophecy so terrible might be easily supposed to oppress the mind of a being so retiring and contemplative as the Lady Jane Grey. Her occupations and deep researches into the abstruse writings of the age perhaps strengthened the unhappy feeling; but to one like Dudley, whose thoughts seldom settled long on a subject, and never on an unpleasant one, these feelings in his wife were a matter of merriment, scarce worthy of a moment's serious consideration. He however suppressed his desire to smile in his compassion for the diseased state of his young wife's mind; and with such arguments as a youth of sixteen might be supposed to use, exerted himself to do away the presentiment, so strongly dwelling on her overworked brain. The Lady Jane was soothed by the assiduous tenderness, rather than convinced by the arguments of her husband. The very confusion of her hidden feelings carried its good effect on her spirit. With a sudden reaction of feeling her face brightened, and when Dudley again entreated her to ride forth, she readily assented and left the room to summons her tire woman to make an alteration in her dress. The impatient husband meantime tossed over the heavy books, and touched the virginal with fingers so rude, that he clapped his hands to his ears to shut out the discordant sounds, and thrust his head out at the open window for relief. Several grooms were in the court below, two leading about their master's horse and the lady's palfrey, and the others holding the hounds in their lashes ready for the hunt. Dudley called to the keepers to kennel the dogs, which indignant at losing their sport, snuggled and barked furiously. The young lord leaned his slight form half out of the open window, in his eagerness to witness the battle between the refractory hounds and his angry grooms. The wind was tossing his long curls about his shoulder, his large eyes were streaming with tears of boyish delight, and his half-shouting laughter was ringing in the air, when the Lady Jane returned, equipped for riding. Her silvery laugh mingled with his boisterous merriment, when one of the victorious hounds threw down his keeper, and stood barking furiously with his forepaws upon his breast. After a little more struggling the dogs were confined. With an easy carelessness of state Dudley drew in his head, wiped the tears from his flushed cheek, and

then the married children went to their happy pastime. Dudley dispensed with his usual retinue, and assisted Lady Jane to her saddle. It was a beautiful sight, that young couple riding forth in the overflow of their happiness to enjoy the pleasant beauty of early morning—the graceful and somewhat timid horsemanship of the lady, contrasting with the gallant bearing of the young lord, who galloped by her side, his handsome horse caroling in the abundance of his animal spirit, as his rider now dashed his spurs into his side, then with a sudden check causing him to rear and plunge, for the mere pleasure of conquering in the presence of his lady-love. When content with this display, he struck into a short canter, and together they dashed into the forest. The antlered deer sprang through the thickets at the sound of the horses' hoofs, and the singing of birds in the branches overhead as their glad voices disturbed their melody. Onward and onward they went, with hearts leaping at each bound of their steeds, their cheeks flushed and their glowing hands tight upon the reins. Swifter grew the legs of the hunter, nimbly flew the legs of the palfrey. The forest was cleared, and they reached the river's brink, weary with excess of the most pleasant excitement in the universe. They loitered away an hour on the banks of the stream, gathering flowers, talking merrily, and looking as only such young creatures can look when the first flush of happiness is upon them. Again they mounted and rode gaily toward the castle, he with his doublet crowded full of the flowers he had gathered for his lady's bower, and she with a cheek faintly flushed like the first opening of a young rose, and a brilliancy lighting her sweet eyes that spoke of a heart reveling in the excess of its own enjoyment.

Who, to have seen that married boy and girl on their return to their stately mansion, after throwing off the shackles of station, and riding, smiling or warlike together, two of the happiest children in existence, would have supposed that he in a few months would meet a violent death, with the bravery of a hero and the fortitude of a martyr, shaming the very strength of manhood with his firmness, and bowing his young head to the block with the resignation of a saint? Truly the waters of affliction are bitter, but their troubled waves convert into heroes, martyrs and saints, those who bathe in them and faint not. And the lady Jane Grey, the young, the wise, the beautiful; who, to have watched her playful smile and graceful motion as she rode slowly beside the brave youth, could have supposed that she, so very gentle in her loveliness, was doomed, by the strength of soul slumbering within her, to be held up to after generations as a most perfect pattern of female fortitude and Christian virtue!—that



she was to go down to posterity, a creature enshrined in her own virtues, a redeeming page in the history of a great nation? Woman, woman!—truly she is a miracle!—Place her amid flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness, and sometimes of folly—annoyed by a dew drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, ready to faint at the rustle of a beetle. The zephyrs are too rough, the showers too heavy, and she is overpowered by the perfume of a rose bud. But let real calamity come, rouse her affections, enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then. How her heart strengthens itself—how strong is her purpose! Place her in the heat of battle, give her a child, a bird, any thing she loves or pities to protect, and see her, as in a related instance, raising her white arms as a shield, and as her own blood crimsoned her upturned forehead, praying for life to protect the helpless. Transplant her into the dark places of the earth, awaken her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing; she disputes, inch by inch, the stride of the stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and the brave, shrinks away, pale and affrighted. Misfortune daunts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance, or goes forward to the scaffold with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of imprisoned odors, waiting for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—pure gold, valuable but untried in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle, a mystery; and greatest of all is she of whom I write.

As the young couple drew near the castle, Dudley recognized a numerous band of retainers in the court; and he knew by their livery that they belonged to his father, the Duke of Northumberland, whose large black war-steed was being led about the court by a groom. Dudley drew close to his wife's palfrey, and with mimicking attempt at dignity rode onward to the portal, saying:

'Now my lady fair, let us prepare ourselves for a homily on etiquette, for most grievously shall we have sinned in my father's opinion by riding without a retinue.'

Jane answered by a faint smile only, and dismounted in the court. The strange domesticities drew respectfully back to give them a passage into the great hall, where stood the Duke of Northumberland, with several lords of the court, in deep mourning. The Lady Jane on observing the sable vestments of the group turned deadly pale, and leaned heavily on the arm of her lord as she advanced to welcome his guests. Northumberland, on seeing them enter, stepped forward with courtly grace to receive their greeting, and to Jane's astonishment bent his knee reverently before her as to a sovereign. Jane drew back almost in consternation and stood breathless-

ly staring at the bending duke. At length she exclaimed:

'Why this undue homage, my lord, and oh, why these sables?'

'The sables,' replied Northumberland, 'are badges of mourning for Edward, our late king. The homage is offered in humble duty to his successor.'

'But that successor am not I, and wherefore is this homage done at the feet of one who should in duty kneel at thine?'

'The lords,' said the duke, rising and pointing to the group of courtiers, 'will inform you that our late king, in his care for the true religion and the welfare of his kingdom, has appointed the Lady Jane Grey as his successor.'

'My lord, my lord, you will not consent to this usurpation, in your wife,' cried the agitated lady, grasping the arm of her husband, who stood bewildered by her side.

'In good truth I will not while the princesses of the blood live,' answered the generous youth, drawing her trembling hand gently from his arm.

The duke knitted his dark brows, and bent his piercing eyes angrily on his son, who answered it with a look of defiance struggling with habitual reverence.

'It is somewhat strange,' said the duke, turning with a bland smile to the other lords, 'that the crown of England must go begging for temples to rest on. I pray your lordships pardon me, if I seek a private conference with my fair daughter, and leave you to the hospitality of my crown hunting son here;' then drawing one of the lords aside, he whispered in his ear, and led the lady Jane from the hall. She cast back an anxious look on her husband. The courtiers were crowding around him, as he bent his head to the whispers of the duke's friend, the first budding of ambition was seen in the crimson glow burning on his cheek. With a fainting heart his wife followed her father-in-law. Entreaties, promises and tears prevailed over deep-rooted principle and natural prudence. With royal honors, but aching hearts, the young victims were that day conducted to London.

The morning sun was struggling thro' the dense atmosphere of London, and piercing his yellow beams through the deep windows of a prison-room in which Dudley and his young wife were confined, after the friends of Mary had hurled them from their precarious seat on the throne—a seat which had yielded them only anxiety and regret. Several days had they passed, since that event, in strict confinement, and the spirits of the youth had sunk into despondency. With his face buried in his hands; he was seated by a low table, the points of his gay dress untied, and his bright hair falling uncombed

over his shoulders. His white forehead, formerly so open and smooth, was now shrunken and collapsed with internal agony. His breath came chokingly, while now and then a laboring groan struggled through his shut lips.

Opposite, sat his victim wife, her large soft eyes fixed in deep sorrow upon his working features, and her pale lips quivering slightly with suppressed agony at witnessing his utter prostration. Every thing bespoke that it was for him, rather than for herself, she grieved. There was no neglect in her dress. The lustrous hair was as smooth, and the dark robe as neatly put on, as in her days of happiness; and though she was very pale, it was rather from sympathy than selfish sorrow. She arose, passed round the table, and for a moment stood behind the suffering youth, pressing her white hand to her eyes; when she dropped it on his shoulder, the fingers were wet with tears. Softly she placed her arm about his neck, and drawing his head to her bosom pressed a kiss upon his forehead, and murmured words of comfort. Dudley dropped his hands and turned his face to her shoulder with a less painful groan. Just then the tower-bell sent forth a sudden sound like the bellowing of a moody spirit, and the noise of coming feet arose from the pavement below the window. With a fierce cry Dudley sprang from the arms of his wife and rushed to the window. His whole body trembled as in an ague fit, and clinging to the frame as if a gulf was beneath him, he watched the guards file solemnly along, and listened to the low rumbling of coming wheels. They passed in sight, and there in an open cart, Northumberland was going to execution. With his pale hands folded over his black robe, and his dark hair threaded with silver lying back from his high temples, the old nobleman stood uncovered in the humble vehicle. Not a muscle of his pale features stirred; his lips were compressed, and the concentrated force of a strong spirit burned in his eyes. When he came opposite the window he raised his head, and seeing his children, stretched his hands toward them as in blessing. With a choking cry Dudley threw his arms widely upward, and fell like a dead thing upon the floor. Their prison afforded no restorative, and the hapless Lady Jane could only sit down beside him, lift his head again to her bosom and deluge it with her tears, as she watched for some sign of returning life. When Dudley opened his eyes it was feebly like an infant, and his pale hand hung helplessly over her shoulder. Though very weak, he felt soothed and comforted; her heart was heaving faintly under his aching temples, and her sweet voice was whispering of resignation and religion. Still and silently he lay exhausted with the fierce storm of agony that had swept its hurricane over him. As a gentle

nurse she quieted him with the sweetness of her voice and the soft pressure of her lips; then she drew a bible from her pocket and read the word of God to him—its promises and its comfortings. All day was she thus employed, and at night-fall they were together on their knees, with clasped hands and upturned faces, pouring out their troubled souls before Jehovah. It was not in vain; God visited them.

Months had passed, their death-warrants had gone forth, and with a refinement of cruelty the young husband and wife were separated before the day of execution. Dudley's summons was conveyed to him first, but his weakness had passed away; there was a strong power within that had converted the youth into that best of all heroes, a christian. His lips were red, his eye clear, and his voice unbroken, when he made it an only request that he might see her. A gleam of joy shot across her mild features at the thought of seeing that loved one again on earth; but it passed away, and in a calm voice she said, 'Tell my lord that my heart is nerved for death and that an interview might shake the firmness of both; tell him to be of good cheer, and in another hour we shall meet in heaven forever;' and again she returned to prayer and meditation.

The message was conveyed to Dudley. 'It is well,' he said, 'it is but a moment and we part no more;' and the brave youth, strong in religious faith, went to the execution. Again that hoarse bell was swinging heavily in the air, and the dismal roll of wheels passed by. Jane sprang to her feet and rushed a few steps forward, then checked herself, and with her hands pressed hard against her heart, listened to the receding tread of the multitude. For half an hour she stood like a thing of breathing marble, without moving a muscle or stirring a finger. The bell gave out a solemn toll, and stopped suddenly. The cold blood curdled about her heart, and her face was pallid like that of a corpse. Again came the returning rush of the multitude, and with a slow step she advanced to the window. Drops of blood fringed the edge of the cart and dropped heavily along the pavement. She closed her eyes with a shudder and prayed fervently. A spirit of sweet happiness dropped over her; unseen wings seemed fanning and expanding her heart, she opened her eyes again on the decapitated body of her husband, and looked long and calmly, for she felt that the spirit of her guardian angel had left that form, and was even then endowing her with holy strength to follow him. When the guards came to conduct her to execution, there was a pure smile on her lips, and her face was bright and glorious as that of an angel; thus she went forth steadily and unsupported to meet her death.

For the Rural Repository.

### My Adventures.

PART VIII.

If the ambitious philanthropists of the present day were to visit the shores of Africa they would cease forever magnifying the evils which the slave suffers in being transplanted from his native desert to bondage in a Christian land. Our good ship was already within six miles of the continent ere it became visible through the thick and foggy atmosphere. Wearied and exhausted as we all were with a long voyage over the tropical regions of the Atlantic, the scene that now presented itself brought not with it the usual animation of variety. Here and there a few scattered trees met the eye, with immense intervals of low swamps intersected by mighty rivers; the whole presenting the appearance of a vast Archipelago. The waters of the sea about the coast were stagnant and murky, and the hot air seemed impregnated with the seeds of disease and death. After passing a cluster of small islands on one of which were a few straggling huts, our course was directed towards the mouth of the river Cassamarza and aided by a fresh breeze we rushed swiftly up the majestic stream. As yet we had not discovered a solitary sail, but as we advanced the country presented a more fruitful appearance, and the smoke from the different Portuguese settlements gave indications of life. After proceeding up the river about one hundred miles, the ship was brought to an anchor alongside one of the slave factories. Here were more than a thousand blacks huddled together in a thick mass, some of them armed with muskets and spears, and all of them nearly naked. Several war canoes were floating on the river, well manned, and armed with small cannon. Of the poor wretches on shore many were bleeding profusely and it soon appeared that there had been a battle between two rival native chieftains, and the victors as is usual had brought their enemies to the slave market. For this they receive powder, spirits, tobacco, trinkets, &c. as a compensation, and then go back to their deserts to be themselves perhaps made prisoners by some more powerful tribe. Captain Talbot concluded his arrangements with the Portuguese factors in a few hours, and before two days had elapsed we were once more on our return voyage with a full cargo of slaves.

For many nights after we left the coast it was impossible to obtain any sleep. The moanings of the poor slaves were incessant. They rejected food and rest and seemed to devote themselves to grief. Sometimes little groups of them would converse together, and then, at something said by one all would burst into tears, and weep violently. Occasionally

they sung, and so mournful and plaintive were the tones that even the hardened crew were melted into sympathy.

The particulars of this and several subsequent voyages possessed no interest. Nearly three years elapsed in this manner when we once more left Rio de Janeiro, for our destination, Havana. It blew a gale when we put out to sea, but who would deprecate a hurricane when it wafts him homeward? Universal hilarity prevailed on board. Loud roared the winds and waves, but louder were the shouts of merriment and revelry. As we dashed joyously on over the high waves, several rough but manly voices sung the following song.

'A wet sea and a flowing sheet  
A wind that follows fast,  
And fills the white and rustling sails,  
And bends the gallant mast:  
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
While like the eagle free.  
Away our good ship flies and leaves  
Old Rio on our lee.

'Oh for a soft and gentle wind,  
I hear some fair one cry;  
But give to me the swelling breeze,  
And white waves heaving high;  
And white waves heaving high, my lads,  
The good ship taut and free,  
The world of waters is our home,  
And merry men are we.

'There's tempest in yon horned moon,  
And lightning in yon cloud,  
And hark thy music, mariner,  
The wind is waking loud;  
The wind is waking loud, my boys,  
The lightning flashes free,  
The hollow oak our palace is,  
Our heritage the sea.'

What a strange being your true sailor is. In his boyhood he possesses a wandering and unsettled spirit, a love of adventure, a contempt for school, a strong and ardent propensity to mischief. His chief delight is to grapple some old tar by the button, and make the hoary headed sinner relate more marvels than are contained in the veritable pages of Sinbad and Gulliver. Fired with curiosity and ambition, no long time elapses ere he secretes himself from his loving parents on board some sea going vessel, and is introduced at once to the hardships, the variety, and the wonders of ocean life. This done, he can never return to be a landsman. He who has been at the mast head and looked abroad upon the limitless expanse of sea and sky, or familiarized himself with the splendid cities, the exciting and enchanting scenes which the traveler beholds, can never be contented in the quiet and obscurity of his native village. He becomes a rover from habit as well as inclination. He loses all local attachments; he has nothing to bind him to any particular spot of earth. A citizen of the world, all nations are alike to him. If there is one thing he loves better than another, it is rum; and that he can get any where. Next to this,



he likes his ship, then his messmates, and then his sweetheart. It is all one to him whether he is buried in some green nook of his village churchyard, or in the deep and still caverns of the sea. He is bold to rashness, generous to prodigality, full of enterprise, but reckless, immoral and profane. Take him from the ocean and he will be worse than a burthen to community; leave him there, and he is the bulwark and pride of his country.

While on the voyage Captain Talbot for some reason or other determined to shape his course for the island of St. Domingo. The following particulars of a subsequent visit when on board the U. S. Ship Falmouth were written for the New-York Mirror, and will embrace the few observations I had the opportunity to make:—

'A GLANCE AT HAYTI.—I suppose you would be pleased to hear of my cruise to windward. It was the original intention of Captain ——— to proceed from Cuba to St. Thomas. Finding it impracticable to accomplish this in the time limited by his orders, we stood for St Domingo, and on the twentieth of June, the blue, misty hills of Hayti, (the mountainous,) were in sight. Running along the coast we came in sight of the town of Cape Hayti, towards evening of the next day. Three guns were fired, one after another, for a pilot, but none came, and a squall coming on, we were forced to stretch off-and-on the land all night. The next morning, however, we got a pilot, and went in. The town is built in one long line, on the western side of the harbor, at the foot of a range of hills, which rise in a steep elevation of nearly a thousand feet above it. The other side of the harbor is a large plain, which, our purser told me, strikingly resembles the plain of Argos, in Greece. Here Toussaint L'Ouverture, one of the most famous leaders of the Haytien revolution, was wont to exercise an army of sixty thousand men, with a discipline and skill that astonished the French. The mouth of the harbor, and various commanding positions about it, are well fortified, but upon my inquiring why no efforts were made to rebuild the forts and houses in the place, which are in a most ruinous condition, I was informed of President Boyer's general order, that in case of an invasion, which they have been expecting from the French many years, all the sea-port towns should be at once evacuated, and no defence of them attempted; but that the inhabitants should retreat to the mountains, meeting at some general rendezvous by him appointed. In their wild, mountainous country, where hill pursues hill to the heavens where nothing of the discipline of modern warfare can be pursued, where the negroes can subsist on almost nothing, what could an enemy do? One means of defence

was a good deal dwelt upon—they can *poison the streams*, and while they can select their own rills, or drink above the point where they change the waters, they can turn every stream which supplies the towns into liquid death. On entering the harbor we fired a salute of seventeen guns, which was returned. On the twenty-ninth, the anniversary of President Boyer's birthday, we fired another salute, with the Haytien flag of red and blue flying at our fore, which was likewise returned. We all had leave to go on shore, and I gathered the following for remembrance:

'Cape Hayti, which, when the French ruled the island, was Cape Francois, and had a population of one hundred thousand souls, and was called the Paris of the island, has now but fifteen thousand inhabitants. Since its foundation it has been three times burned down. The buildings are generally of stone, granite, and brick; the better sort with an outside of stucco or white plaster. The floors are generally of brick or stone. There are no window-glasses, but blinds in their stead. You pass through *whole streets* where high walls are standing, and the very partitions of the rooms, like some building, all of which that was combustible had been consumed by some great fire—*streets of roofless, tenantless houses*, filled up with the fallen heaps of plaster and stones. I looked at the governor's palace at a distance, and if I had not been previously informed, should not have suspected its actual condition, but upon approaching, I saw a park, whose wall was tumbling in heaps about it, and a building in which the beauties of architectural proportion were still visible, but the arched windows and doors were destitute of all but shape, and opened upon uncovered and silent passages. There were arched gates and pillars, but no ornaments, and over all the ruins the vine had grown, and, in many places in the interstices of the crumbling pile, wild flowers were growing freshly, "like hope blooming on the borders of despair." Near the park, in front of the half-consumed catholic church, is a choked-up fountain. In truth, Cape Hayti looks like a city of ruins. My visit there was, however, a very pleasing one. In passing through the streets, we were invited into several houses, and treated with remarkable hospitality. I will mention one or two out of a dozen instances, which occurred during the day. We were standing near a beautiful garden, admiring the broad leaves of the plantain-tree, when a black officer, a captain in an undress uniform, invited us in, and took us through it. In a few moments a negress brought us some of the delicious fruit about us, in a dish. A Spanish gentleman acted as interpreter. Scarcely had we left him, when in passing the apartments of several other black officers, also captains in

the army, they came out and forced us to enter, and entertained us with wine, fruit, liquor, etc. etc. Our ship was visited by several black officers of high rank, and very gentlemanly deportment. Their manners are French. They conversed in English very well, and made some sensible observations. In reply to a question of mine one of them answered:

"Yes, the people of Hayti are free—very free—*too free!*" to which another added:

"*They are not wise enough to be so free!*"

'One of the most interesting objects I saw, was this: a high mountain, with two peaks, of a square shape, opposite to each other. On one of those peaks, which the eagle might choose for its nest, is the castle of Christophe, otherwise King Henry the first. Here, you know, he killed himself upon the approach of General Boyer with his army. There is but one path up the dangerous ascent to it, and that no more than two men can tread abreast.

'Columbus discovered this island in 1492, and here planted the first European settlement, and what a prolific source of anxiety and sorrow it was to him, all who have read Irving's beautiful life of the great discoverer must know and feel. The Indian tribes under their five caciques, have passed away, and in the island where black slaves were first introduced, retribution first commenced. In 1791, the insurrection began. In 1804, all dependance on France was renounced. Upon the death of Dessalines, the first governor, in 1806, Christophe assumed the administration. Petion, another chief, a mulatto, disputed his right to the government, and a war commenced. Christophe held the north of the island, under the title of King Henry the first, and Petion founded a republic in the south, of which he was president. In 1820, a part of Henry's army rebelling, and Boyer advancing to aid them, Christophe shot himself. The island thus came under one government. Boyer succeeded Petion as president, and the whole island is now under him. The form of government is republican: the president is elected for life by the senate, and has a salary of forty thousand dollars. The legislature is composed of a senate and house of representatives. The senate consists of twenty-four members, chosen for nine years, by the representatives, from a list presented by the president. The representatives, are elected by the people once in five years. With such a distribution of governmental powers, it is easy to see that Hayti is a democracy only in name. Its president, without the invidious trappings of royalty, is substantially a king.'

On our departure from Cape Hayti we made a very short passage to the Havana.

At that place Captain Talbot resigned the command of his ship, in which he was succeeded by Mr. Butler. Captain Ballez was removed to a lunatic asylum, at the North, where he died not many years since. We bade adieu to our old shipmates and took passage in a vessel bound for New-York, and after an absence of three years the spires and smoke of my native city were hailed with delight. Captain Talbot left New-York for Cadiz and was there married to the young Spanish lady whom he had rescued from the slaver. He is now in command of a fine East Indiaman, and has a promising family of children.

O. P. B.

### MISCELLANY.

For the Rural Repository.

#### Rural Scenery.

I AM a devoted lover of rural scenery. To ramble over the green-clad hills and climb the rugged sides of my native mountains has never failed, from my youth up, to fill my bosom with emotions of the most exquisite pleasure and delight. How frequently, in the halcyon days of youth, ere the cold and withering touch of misfortune and disappointment had fallen upon and quenched the ardor of my joyous spirit, have I with indefatigable toil and exertion, succeeded in gaining the topmost pinnacle of some one of the lofty piles of rock and earth which overlooked my paternal home, with no other earthly object in view, save that of gazing in breathless wonder and admiration upon the unparalleled beauties of creation, which like a map, or a finely executed painting, were far beneath my feet spread out in all their rich and variegated loveliness, and presented in glowing colors to my enraptured vision.

When my mind reverts to those bright scenes of buoyant hope and thoughtless boyhood—scenes which ever and anon rise up to fancy's view, like the faint recollections of some long forgotten though pleasing dream, in a moment I seem to be hurried back, and reveling in all the rapturous glee and ecstatic bliss of youth amid those happy, sunny hours, when life presented only one continued round of ardent hope and delirious joy, which formed a bright halo of glory around the early days of my existence.

O, happiness! thou fleeting phantom, so eagerly sought and so seldom found by the giddy sons of men, where is the blest place of thy abode if it be not amid the rural haunts of Nature's works? Dost thou dwell in the splendid halls of the fashionable and the gay? Or canst thou be found among all the slavish throng of crouching devotees who bow before the shrine of licentiousness, and offer themselves a willing sacrifice upon the altar of folly and dissipation? No. There is naught

that savors of thee to be found in either or in all these. O! could man know the real worth and estimate of happiness—of happiness, that boon for which he seeks with such a thrilling ardor, rural scenes would possess a lovelier charm, and nature's walks would own a fresh enticement, that should lead him forth, at the first blush of dawn, to drink enjoyment at her fairest fount, where morning wakes among the dewy hills. S.

Lenox, April, 1836.

#### A Wife in Danger.

A HUSBAND, finding that his wife received splendid presents from an admirer, thought it would be unwise not to show her what dangerous ground she stood upon. She had been driving out one morning with a lady, and went to the dining-room immediately on her return home, intending to show her purchases to her husband. No husband, however, did she find—but what, for a moment, delighted her more—the table covered with jewels! The transported Alicia eagerly advanced.

'How beautiful!' she exclaimed aloud, as she tried the brilliants upon her arm and fingers, and alternatively put down one ornament to admire another. 'I did not see, even at court, such a diamond necklace as this!' she continued, 'I wonder where they came from.'

Suddenly she spied a little box to hold *bonbons*, set in diamonds, and of a particularly beautiful shape. These *bonbonnières* were much the fashion at this time, and the Duchess of D. had displayed one at the opera-house, which had been the envy and admiration of all present. To have a more elegant and precious box than her grace of D. to set the fashion of that shape; to show her fair taper fingers, to advantage, as she presented it to her neighbors—how many sources of delight to a fashionable *belle*! Instantly the ornaments were replaced and forgotten: nothing but the delightful box deserved a thought. She was so much engrossed by her admiration, that she saw not her husband until he stood before her.

'Oh, Mr. Clairville,' she cried with childish joy, 'see how magnificent, how lovely, all these things are! Do but look at this *bijou* of a box! Oh! I would not part with it for worlds! And this, too, is the opera night, and I shall show it there! Is it not charming?'

'Which, my love?' replied Mr. Clairville, with a smile; 'the diamond or the opera?'

'Oh, both, to be sure!' hastily answered his wife. 'But you do not seem to admire them.'

'Indeed I do; but you know I think nothing charming but you.'

'And was it to make me more so,' said Alicia, laughing, 'that you sent for all these gay things?'

'I am not rich enough to display the con-

tents of all the jewellers' shops to you, and bid them court your acceptance, said Mr. Clairville. 'These came from one who has more of the power, though not more of the will, to please. The P—— sent them to you, and I spread them on the table to enjoy your first surprise.'

'How very good! how very magnificent!' replied the simple Alicia. 'And may I choose what I like?'

'Without doubt,' said her husband. 'They are all yours, if you like. But you forget the price.'

'You do not pay for a gift, said Alicia, the calmness of her husband's manner subduing her satisfaction.

'These diamonds, nevertheless have a price,' he said fixing his eyes steadily on his wife; 'I am the price.'

The glittering baubles fell from the hand of the appalled Alicia; melancholy, she retreated from the table, which now only inspired her with alarm and horror; she put her arms behind her, and continued to walk backwards, until she reached the extremity of the apartment in which she stood, then leaning against the wall, she raised her eyes, with an imploring expression to her husband's face, as if she feared the very sight of these presents had sunk her in his esteem, although she had still but a confused idea of his meaning.

'How pale you are, my beloved! how you tremble!' said her husband, tenderly supporting her. 'You cannot fear an evil you need not bring upon yourself—an evil which, I know, you will not bring upon yourself or me. I did not shock you in this sudden way because I doubted you, but because I thought it the simplest way of disclosing to you the P——'s views. Now, will you return the diamonds?'

'Oh, no!' exclaimed Alicia, 'do you return them. It would make me ill to look at them again.'

'You would regret parting with them?' he asked her with an indulgent smile.

'Do you think so meanly of me?' said his wife, some of those half-smothered feelings nature had given her flashing from her dark, bright eyes: 'I would not touch again those baneful gifts, for the wealth of fairy tales.'

'Indignation is a very great improvement to beauty,' said Mr. Clairville; 'but my Alicia is becoming under every emotion!'

From the Passion Flower.

#### The Visit.

IN one of the freezing days of our climate, a young physician but recently married invited his wife to accompany him on a visit to one of his patients.

'You are romancing, James; what! visit a family without an introduction or an invitation, or exchanging cards?'



'In this family, my dear Amanda, there is no ceremony of cards,' said James, 'but they will not be the less pleased to see you.'

'I never used to go to see poor people,' said Amanda thoughtfully: 'but,' continued she, after a short deliberation, 'I'll go with you, James, any where.'

They passed from the handsome street of their residence to a public square, and crossing over entered a small alley, in which Amanda saw a row of houses built in a manner that showed they were for the laboring class.— Crossing the whole range, they entered the last house, and at the first door Dr. Ledson gave a gentle rap. A common looking woman opened it, and welcomed him.

Two chairs were immediately set, one with the back broken off, the other rickety and unstable.

Before the fire were two little children seated on the hearth, making a noise which the attendant female vainly endeavored to quell. A girl of about ten years of age came out of a small pantry bedroom, and smiled as she spoke.

In a large rude chair sat a thin female.— She rocked herself incessantly. She looked up when Dr. Ledson addressed her, but neither smiled nor spoke. Her complexion was sallow by illness, her lower jaw had fallen from its socket, and her teeth chattered with the vain endeavor to close the mouth.

At receiving some nourishment from the hand of her companion, she seemed revived.

'I am glad to see you doctor, though I had hoped to have been released from my wretchedness before now. I do not complain, but my bones have started through the skin, and I suffer'—she shivered and stopped an instant; 'I thought it very hard when I lost my baby last summer; but I see it was kind, what would have become of it now? I must leave these, young enough, to take care of themselves, and my husband is none of the *studdiest*.'

She did not weep, she was past that human feeling. Amanda looked on in silence. She had learned more of life's state from the scene than she could have acquired from volumes. She felt now a wiser woman at eighteen, than she would otherwise have been at twenty-five.

It brings down all our vanity and little repinings, a spectacle of such woe. Even the almost total insensibility of the sick, was more touching than ordinary sorrow. It gave a feeling of so much that must have been endured before.

'Is this your sister?' said the woman.

'No,' said James, and Amanda smiled as he replied, 'It is my wife.'

'Is it your wife?' said she, showing some vivacity. 'How sweet she looks. Can she sing. Oh, can she sing "I would not live always?"'

How often had Amanda sung that carelessly before. She felt awed and humbled now by every syllable that floated on her soft rich tones around the narrow apartment.

The dying looked up so thankfully, that she even looked pretty. A slight hectic relieved her livid countenance. She said audibly, 'I hear the angels singing now around me,' and then relapsed into a monotonous groan of weariness.

The little girl shook hands beseechingly as the young couple left, and in a subdued voice Amanda whispered, 'we will take care of you.'

Who, like the physician, save indeed the minister, is called upon to see human nature in every stage, in every shadow of a tint? The rich and the poor, the delicate and the coarse, the learned and the ignorant, come before him without disguise.

Amanda thought before, that she had loved her husband; but luxury is a Dead Sea atmosphere, in which the noble passions sicken and lie motionless. She clung to James' arm as she returned home, with a feeling of devotion to him, that she had never even imagined before; and in the pleasure she experienced in softening the horrors of her fellow creatures' poverty, she found every day new cause to rejoice in having shared her fortune with one who, if he brought to her no addition of the earth's wealth, had taught her that there is a way of employing it, that will awaken the purest delight.

### To Young Men.

THERE is no moral object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. I watch him as I do a star in the heavens; clouds may be before him, but we know that his light is behind them, and will beam again; the blaze of other's prosperity may outshine him, but we know that, though unseen, he illumines his own true sphere. He resists temptation not without a struggle, for that is not a virtue; but he does resist and conquer; he hears the sarcasm of the profligate, and it stings him; for that is the trial of virtue; but he heals the wound with his own pure touch. He heeds not the watchword of fashion if it leads to sin; the Atheist who says not only in his heart, but with his lips, 'there is no God!' controls him not, for he sees the hand of a creating God, and reveres it—of a preserving God, and rejoices in it.

Woman is sheltered by fond arms and loving counsel; old age is protected by its experience, and manhood by its strength; but the young man stands amid the temptation of the world like a self balanced tower, happy he who seeks and gains the prop and shelter of morality.

Onward, then, conscientious youth!—raise thy standard and nerve thyself for goodness. If God has given thee intellectual power, awaken

it in that cause; never let it be said of thee, he helped to swell the tide of sin by pouring his influence into its channels. If thou art feeble in mental strength, throw not that drop into a polluted current. Awake, arise, young man! assume the beautiful garb of virtue! It is easy fearfully to sin; it is difficult to be pure and holy. Put on thy strength, then! let thy chivalry be aroused against error; let Truth be the lady of thy love—defend her.—*Southern Rose*.

Good.—The best joke we have heard in a long time was cracked by a village preacher. He was preaching on a very sultry day, in a small room, and was very much annoyed by those who casually dropped in after the service had commenced, invariably closing the door after them. His patience being at length exhausted by the extreme oppressiveness of the heat, he vociferated to an offender—'Friend, I believe if I were preaching in a bottle you would put the cork in.'

ANECDOTE.—A farmer once hired a Vermonter to assist in drawing logs. The Yankee, when there was a log to lift, generally contrived to secure the smallest end, for which the farmer chastised him, and told him always to take the butt end. Dinner came, and with it a sugar loaf Indian pudding. Jonathan sliced off a generous portion of the largest part, and giving the farmer a wink, exclaimed, 'always take the butt end.'

APOLOGUE.—Near a dew-drop there fell a tear upon a tomb, whither a beautiful female repaired every morning to weep for her lover. As the sun's golden disk rose higher in the heavens, his rays fell on the tear and dew-drop, but glanced with a double brilliancy on the pearl shook from the tresses of Aurora. The liquid jewel proud of its luster, addressed its neighbor—'How darest thou appear thus solitary and lusterless?' The modest tear made no answer; but the zephyr that just then wanted near them, paused in its flight, brushed down with its wings the glittering dew drop, and folding the humble tear of affection in its embrace carried it up to heaven.

### Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

W. W. Auburn, N. Y. \$2.00; W. B. T. Gill, Ms. \$3.00; P. M. Plainfield, Ms. \$5.00; H. L. Great Barrington, Ms. \$3.00; W. B. H. Tripe's Hill, N. Y. \$1.00; H. & R. Middlebury, Vt. \$1.00; P. D. Copake, N. Y. \$1.00; O. K. Schoharie C. H.—N. Y. \$1.00; G. P. W. Montpelier, Vt. \$5.00.

### MARRIED.

At Durham, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. Phineas Cook, Mr. William P. Cook, to Miss Helen Smith, all of the above place.

### DIED.

In this city, on the 1st inst. Mrs. Sophia, consort of Mr. Henry Toby, in the 45th year of her age.

At Prattsville, Greene County, in the 29th year of his age Rev. Hamilton Van Dyck, Pastor of the Dutch Reformed church at that place.



## SELECT POETRY.

From the Churchman.

**The Death of Moses.**

'No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.'

He gazed o'er all the scenes below,  
The mount on which he stood,  
Where rivers in their silvery flow  
Hied on to ocean's flood;  
Where harvests waved in many a field,  
That glittered like a warrior's shield  
Of richly burnished gold;  
Where zephyrs softly swept  
Through woods with verdure decked, and wept  
That he might but behold.

But when he thought how greenly there

His people's homes would stand,  
How soon the melody of prayer  
Would swell from all the land;  
What myriads yet to be would breathe  
The perfumed air, reclined beneath  
The vines their hands did rear—  
A smile, like some lone star-beam blest,  
That quivers on a wave's white crest,  
Illumed the prophet's tear.

He died—unbent his noble form,  
Unquenched his glorious eye,  
Though many a vanished winter's storm  
Had coldly swept him by;  
No fell disease, whose venom'd sting  
Had poisoned oft life's purest spring,  
Had made that form its prey;  
So when at last death's angel came,  
Sternly from out an iron frame  
The life was wrung away.

He slept—a chosen few conveyed,  
Restoring earth her trust,  
His ashes to a verdant glade,  
And left them—dust to dust.  
No pilgrims came in after years  
With sorrowing hearts and gushing tears;  
No storied tomb or stone  
To other ages marks the spot,  
His sepulchre by man forgot,  
To God is only known.

Oh! thus upon my sight expand,  
When life's brief space is filled,  
Some glimpses of the promised land  
Death's darkling paths to gild—  
Some hope, if I alas must grieve  
The work in darkness veiled to leave,  
That soon that morn will shine,  
When all the tribes of earth shall haste,  
Pale pilgrims o'er this dreary waste,  
To seek the realms divine.

Thus, too, when the last sands depart  
And through its wonted track  
The life-tide to the quivering heart  
Is coldly hurrying back,  
The mental eye unquenched nor dim,  
The soul unbowed—unseared—like him  
May I return to rest;  
And if, where waving tree-tops close,  
Loved hands may yield me to repose,  
I shall be doubly blest.  
And what if cold oblivion's shade  
Around my tomb must fall,

And none, as generations fade,  
My memory e'er recall?  
That slumber will not be less sweet  
Because no lips my name repeat;  
For oh! what were it worth  
To be remembered e'en a day  
When all we loved have passed away,  
And perished from the earth? B. D. W.  
New-York, Jan. 24, 1836.

From the Knickerbocker.

**My God directs the Storm.**

THE Spirit of the Tempest shook  
His wing of raven hue  
Above the sea, and hollow winds  
Howled o'er the waters blue.

Uprose the mountain billows high,  
And swept a stormy path;  
Darkness and Terror mingled there  
Their ministry of wrath.

A lonely bark, by bounding seas  
Tost wildly to and fro,  
Dashed o'er the billow's foaming brow  
To fearful depths below.

Crash echoed crash!—the quivering spars  
Broke o'er the leaning side,  
And left the bark a shattered wreck,  
The stormy waves to ride.

The sturdy seaman struggled hard  
To hold the yielding helm,  
And keep the ship's prow to the surge,  
That threatened to o'erwhelm.

And when the plunging ruin spurned  
Their impotent control,  
They flew to drown their gloomy fears  
In the accursed bowl.

Upon the raging ocean then  
Helpless was left the bark  
To the wild mercy of the waves,  
Amid the tempest dark.

Upon the deck, alone, there stood,  
A man of courage high;  
A hero, from whose bosom fear  
Had never drawn a sigh.

With folded arms, erect he stood,  
His countenance was mild—  
And, calmly gazing on the scene,  
He bowed his head and smiled.

A wild shriek from the cabin rose—  
Up rushed his beauteous bride;  
With locks disheveled, and in tears,  
She trembled at his side.

'O why, my love, upon thy lip,'  
She cried, 'doth play that smile,  
When all is gloom and terror here,  
And I must weep the while?'

No word the warrior spake,—but he  
Drew from beneath his vest  
A poniard bright, and placed its point  
Against her heaving breast.

She started not, nor shrieked in dread,  
As she had shrieked before;  
But stood astonished, and surveyed  
His tranquil features o'er.

'Now why,' he asked, 'dost thou not start?  
May not thy blood be spilt?'  
With sweet composure she replied,  
'My husband holds the hilt?'

'Dost wonder, then, that I am calm?  
That fear shakes not my form?  
I ne'er can tremble while I know  
My God directs the storm?' J. N. M.

**The Province of Woman.**

BY HANNAH MOORE.

As some fair violet, loveliest of the glade,  
Sheds its mild fragrance on the lonely shade,  
Withdraws its modest head from public sight,  
Nor courts the sun, nor seeks the glare of light;  
Should some rude hand profanely dare intrude,  
And bear its beauties from its native wood,  
Exposed abroad its languid colors fly,  
Its form decays, and all its odors die.  
So WOMAN, born to dignify retreat,  
Unknown to flourish, and unseen be great;  
To give domestic life its sweetest charm;  
With softness polish, and with virtue warm;  
Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,  
Should seek but heaven's applause and her own;  
Should dread no blame but that which crimes impart;  
The censures of a self-condemning heart.

## PROSPECTUS

OF THE

**RURAL REPOSITORY.****Embellished with Engravings;**

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BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING  
MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL  
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On Saturday, the 18th of June, 1836, will be issued the  
first number of the *Thirteenth Volume (Fourth New  
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ledgements to all Contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for  
the liberal support which they have afforded him from the  
commencement of this publication. New assurances on  
the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood  
the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will there-  
fore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan  
and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no  
pains or expense shall be spared to promote their gratifi-  
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Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1836.

For EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully  
requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a  
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**THE RURAL REPOSITORY**

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